

# THE COMET.

VOL. I.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

NO. 30.

## JOHNSON CITY'S

### RAPID ADVANCEMENT.

#### New Dwellings, Business Houses and Factories.

#### Some Facts and Figures Which Show That Johnson City is

#### Certain to be the Leading Town in This End of the State.

We have frequently spoken in a disconnected way through the columns of *THE COMET*, of the rapid up building of Johnson City. That our many readers may have more accurate information concerning the city's progress we mention in this issue some facts about the buildings recently completed and the improvements to be made at an early day. Of course every little town in the country, if its organs is to be taken as authority, is forever on a "big boom." We will attempt to show, however, by facts in this article that Johnson City's boom is not all on paper, that there is a healthy spirit of improvement here, and that there are able bodied reasons for believing that Johnson City will, at a day not far distant, be the leading town in this end of the State.

It would be too tedious to mention all the buildings which have been erected in the city. We will only notice some of the more important dwelling and business houses.

#### NEW BUSINESS HOUSE.

If improvements as well as charity do not begin at home, it is refreshing to know that they begin next door to us. Just West of *THE COMET* office is to be built within a month's time, a two story house with a brick front. The building will occupy the entire space between the *COMET* office and McNeil and Wolfe's furniture establishment. The dimensions will be 30x55 feet. The two West side rooms will be occupied by McNeil & Wolfe. The lower room on the east side will be occupied by a clothing firm, and the upstairs will be fitted up as an art gallery for Mr. Cargille. This house will be erected at the instance of Mr. G. C. Harris. The bills for the lumber have been made, and work will be begun in a few days.

#### FARM AND MILK FACTORY.

The factory can hardly fill the orders that are made upon it every day. The building is to be enlarged in a short time, and the capacity will be doubled.

#### NEW STORE HOUSE.

Mr. Henry Crouch will erect between Hunt & Lide's warehouse and Earnest's store house, a two story house 30x60. The building will be rented as a store house.

#### RESIDENCE.

Mr. G. C. Harris' elegant residence will be completed in about a week. It is situated on the corner of Spring and Walnut street. When finished it will be one of the tidest houses in the city.

#### ANOTHER DWELLING.

Mr. Thomas Galloway, of Blountville, will have erected in two weeks, a dwelling house on the Jobo lot. The house will be for rent.

#### MACHINE SHOP AND FOUNDRY.

S. H. Banner has the contract for building the machine shop and foundry. The front on Cherry street is 175 feet, on the railroad 175 feet. The width on east end, 104 feet 4 inches, on west end 61 ft 6 in. These apartments are to be in the building, engine room, foundry and machine shop. The machine shop will be 30 ft high, two stories, with true roofing. Fifteen hands will be employed in prosecuting the work. This machine shop and foundry will be quite an advantage to the city in furnishing employment to laborers and in bringing money here.

#### BRICK DWELLING.

Mr. Christian's house will be ready to be occupied in November. It is a two story brick dwelling with eight large rooms and three small ones. It is situated between Church and Railroad streets. It covers 1,401 sq. ft. of ground. When completed, it will be a very convenient as well as handsome residence.

#### DWELLINGS AGAIN.

Three brick houses are to be erected beyond Cherry street this winter, two by Mr. Wheeler and one by Mr. Heney.

A. B. Bowman is to build six houses in the city this winter.

Mr. Hunt is preparing to build a new house on the real estate land.

G. C. Seaver's house will be finished in a few days.

Rev. S. H. Millard's house, on Fair View Avenue, will be completed in about a month. It is situated on an

elevation and overlooks the town. It is a two story house, 18x40, with an ell. It will be a very beautiful house. John Ford's house will be finished in two weeks.

#### FURNITURE FACTORY.

We are informed that a company at Fall River, Mass., is thinking of establishing a furniture factory here. We cannot speak positively of this enterprise as no definite arrangement has yet been made. There is a demand for a furniture factory here, and whether this company establishes it or not, we can confidently say that there will be one here in a very short time.

#### STORE HOUSE.

A. F. Hoss' store house is building. It will be only two stories high instead of three as was stated in *THE COMET* of the 20th. It will be 25x60 feet. It will front Maine street.

#### NEW RAILROAD.

The surveyors are out surveying a road from this place to Moccasin Gap. It is intended that the road shall run to the coal fields of Virginia. We already have access to the iron at Cranberry, and all that is needed now is access to the coal fields in Virginia.

#### THE SCHOOL.

The old school house which has recently been rejuvenated presents a beautiful appearance. 192 pupils have been enrolled and the school is in a prosperous condition.

#### NEW DEPOT.

The E. T. & W. N. C. railroad and the E. T. V. & G. railroad companies are to build a union depot where the Narrow Gauge depot now stands, extending between the tracks of the two companies.

#### WATTAUGA TANNERY.

Two small additions to the tannery have recently been built. The tannery is in fine working order now. The authorities have commenced to ship leather by the car load, to New York. 75 hides are put in the vats every day, and 150 sides of leather are finished per day.

#### MR. CLARK'S HOUSES.

Mr. H. B. Clark has about completed two dwellings on the real estate land. One is a very neat cottage building the other a two story house, very convenient and situated on a beautiful square. He intends to build four additional houses straightway. These houses will all be for rent.

When we commenced this article we intended to mention all the houses which have been recently built. To do that would extend this article beyond all reasonable limits. We doubt if we have mentioned all the buildings which are at present going up. However we have mentioned enough to convince every one that there is life and enterprise here. We may justly look forward with pride at the bright future of our city upon the hills.

#### A Tribute to Cleveland.

But what a tribute to Governor Cleveland is this persistent attempt to make capital against him by the production of stories raked from the rubbish heaps of scandal-mongers. Governor Cleveland is now forty-seven years old, and was first known in public life fourteen years ago. He was Sheriff of his county, Mayor of his city and is Governor of this great State—executive head of a Commonwealth greater than some of the famous monarchies of the Old World. Had Blaine held these offices his administrative history would have been simply a picturesque array of services done to great corporations and rewards received for those services. One term in Albany would have steeped him to the eyelids in official corruption. But against Cleveland Republican opponents cannot make out the history of one crooked dollar. They cannot even hint at bribery against him; and while they gloat over what they call a Democratic division, they go delicately about it, because they know that his "Democratic" opponents are against him only because of his downright honesty in office. In short, the scandal tales are a glaring admission that Cleveland's official record is unassailable.—N. Y. Herald.

#### Crying to Hear Bate.

The happiest hit of the season was made by a lady at Waverly the day Gov. Bate and Judge Reid spoke there. The Judge became very nervous at the crying of a baby, and asked if it could not be made to stop crying. Its mother pacified the child, and it was still awhile, but it began crying again, and the Judge said: "Let that child be taken out, it has no business at a public speaking." The mother promptly said: "Sir, my child is crying to hear Gov. Bate speak." The Judge looked an unutterable look, as if he wished he were a baby, and a "girl" baby at that, as an old Confederate said when he was about to go into a fight!—Memphis Ledger.

## England and the Presidency.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—William Henry Hurlbert, formerly editor of the New York World, Dem., this afternoon sent the following cable dispatch to Senator McDonald, of Indiana:

LONDON, Sept. 26.

J. E. McDONALD, Indianapolis:

It is not true that the leading British newspapers favor the election of Governor Cleveland and deprecate the election of Blaine. British commercial interests demand the election of Blaine and practical British exporters admit this to me. The system of Federal taxation represented by Mr. Blaine has given England the markets of the world. Englishmen know that American exports are steadily declining and that American manufacturers represent only fourteen per cent. of these exports. Englishmen know that American production has outrun our capacity of home consumption. Englishmen know that Democratic reform, extending the free list of raw materials, would so diminish the cost of American production as to drive English goods out of foreign markets, increase the output of American factories, enhance the demand for intelligent American labor and raise the wages of American workmen. Democratic reform means death to Federal taxation, under which American exports have fallen off \$88,000,000 in value since 1883 and \$162,000,000 in value since Mr. Blaine came into power with the late President Garfield in 1880.

This Federal taxation feeds the export trade of England. What wide-awake English newspaper, then, can advocate the election of Mr. Cleveland? Englishmen know it is this Federal taxation which handicaps the well-paid, intelligent labor of America as French protection now enables English labor to undersell France in the markets of French Africa. Englishmen admit that under reformed Democratic taxation American labor might undersell English producers in England. We grow three-fourths of the cotton of the world. Our cotton factories are the best appointed, our spinners the best paid and the best educated alive; yet Englishmen taunt us to-day with the assertion that our exports of cotton goods are annually diminishing, even with an over-supply at home and with millions of customers at our doors in the New World. Are Western voters marines that Mr. Blaine should ask them to believe that England longs to see Mr. Cleveland sworn off that huge limb of Federal taxation on which England now rolls so comfortably? What can be the use of making commercial treaties with Mexico or Spanish America or Asia while Mr. Blaine stands ready with his Federal taxation to close any possible Panama canal to the manufacturers of America for the benefit of the exporters of England and of Europe?

#### From Thorn Hill.

ED. COMET:—The candidates for Congress addressed about 400 citizens of Grainger and Hancock, on the 25th, at Bean's Station. Col. King in his usual happy and easy style, held the crowd as if spellbound, for the entire time allotted to him, making a number of points which we deem unanswerable because unanswered. Pettibone denied a few but failed to answer in any way some of the most important of the charges laid at the door of the managers of his party. I think, notwithstanding Pettibone's immense stock of egotism; he left the grounds rather crest-fallen. He must begin to see that he is "weighed in the balances and found wanting." The better class of Republicans here say that they have about tired out Pettibone. None, or very few, who were for Taylor will vote for him and nearly all are opposed to a "third term," and before the 25th of Oct. King will teach him that it won't do, and in Nov. the people will impress indelibly on Pettibone's memory that they are better satisfied with a better man—in the person of O. C. King. W.

#### Village Wedding Bells.

King on, ring on, ye wedding bells! There's a duty rests with you; The joy you make is the joy that tells Of hearts that are warm and true. The times are hard for simple folk; They're out in stormy weather; But a man and wife must pull through life And breast the waves together. One side of life is dark as night; The other is clear as day. In doing right you keep to the light, And the dark will pass away. Though times be hard for simple folk, And we mean the ill of fate, The rule for man is, do what we can, He must learn to work and wait. Behind the cloud's a silver light, A joy for the faithful heart, Then plight your troth by a solemn oath, To true till death do part. It's not in vain the wedding bells Ring joy on the wedding day; Though the battle's high, yet hopes are high, And hearts are merry and gay. Ring on, ring on, ye wedding bells! There's a duty rests with you; The joy you make is the joy that tells Of hearts that are warm and true. —Good Words.

## The Conscience Fund.

The contributions to the conscience fund of the Treasury in the last fiscal year amounted to over \$6000. This fund has, since its establishment twenty years ago, amounted to about \$250,000. For some years past it has averaged from \$5000 to \$7000 a year. The term "conscience fund" was originated by Treasurer Spinner. One day during the war he received a letter from a man who inclosed a check for \$1500, saying that it represented a misappropriation of Government funds of which he had been guilty while a Quartermaster in the army. "Suppose we call this a contribution to the conscience fund and get it announced in the newspapers, and perhaps we will get some more," he suggested. The announcement was made and the Treasury became the recipient of such funds.

The largest contribution ever made was \$4000, forwarded by an ex-revenue gauger from Chicago, as the amount of a bribe received by him from distillers who desired to defraud the Government. The smallest was nine cents, forwarded by a Massachusetts man who remembered that he had at one time years before used a mashed three-cent stamp on a letter. In order to relieve his conscience he sent three times the original stamp, which he thought was a fair compensation. Many of these contributions come from persons who have smuggled goods. The majority of these are from women. A recent case of this sort is quoted. A lady residing in Canada who, years ago, smuggled into this country a silk dress pattern worth \$100, recently concluded that she ought to remit the duty on it, and going to a Custom House official asked him to calculate for her the duty she would have paid plus the interest, which being done, she forwarded the sum to the department, omitting—as most of them do—to send her name. Occasionally a letter is received from a clergyman, stating that it is the result of a deathbed confession of some offender, who asks that the money and confession be forwarded to the department.—Eclectic Magazine.

## The Silent Beauty.

Let us royster with the oyster in the shorter days and moister that are brought by brown October with roguish final R; for breakfast or supper, on the under shell or upper, of dishes he's the daisy, and of shell fishes he is the star. We try him as they fry him and even as they pie him; we're partial to him luscious in a roast; we boil him and we broil him, we vina-gar-and-oil him, and oh, he is delicious stewed with toast. We eat him with tomatoes and the salad of potatoes; and neither doth he fret us if he marches after lettuce and abradest of cayenne pepper when His Majesty is raw. To welcome with October, to the knife and glowing ember, juicy darling of our dainties, disposessor of the clam! To the oyster, then, a boister, with him, in royal royster, we shall whoop it through the land of Uncle Sam.

#### Blountville, Tenn.

ED. COMET:—After the publication of your paper, week before last, there was quite a flutter over the fact that a Republican club had been organized in this place, in the interest of the Republican ticket, except, the nominees for Congress, the club pledged itself to support O. C. King, instead of Pettibone. I understand there will be a letter written from here to the *Herald & Tribune*, of Jonesboro, stating that there are but four members in our club. Whenever that appears we will show exactly how many there are and, will give their names if required. W.

## Not that Kind of a Baby.

It was at the baptismal font and the minister had the baby in his arms. "Wat's the name?" he asked of the mother. "Josephine Newton." "Joseph E. Newton, I baptise thee in—"

#### Works of Art.

They were sitting on the porch of the Grand Union, at Saratoga. "Are you fond of works of art?" she asked. "Very," he replied, gazing at her with undisguised admiration.—N. Y. Sun.

#### Rare Old Ben.

Rare old Ben of the hunting mill, Running for office, time to kill; Indepe-democrat-republican Anti-monopoly-workingman-Labor-reformer-communist-High license-prohibitionist-Greenbacker—All things to all men Rare old Ben! Rare, and turned over. —Hawkeye.

## Blaine's Backbone.

Texas Sittings. "Here ye are. Walk right in; only ten cents to see a livin' human bein' without any backbone."

"Great Scott! Has it come to this? I knew Jim Blaine would do almost anything, but I didn't think he'd exhibit himself in a dime museum." It was while passing a dime museum, the other day, that we overheard the above. It occurred to us that it was not surprising that a man should think of James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate for President, when he heard of a human being without any backbone. When we think of Blaine's public life, and glance over the record he has made, we cannot help noticing quite a number of places where he exhibited himself as a human being without any backbone. When Gen. Butler, with a very rigid spine, sat at the door of the committee room, waiting to upbraid Blaine for having given to another an appointment that Blaine had promised to him, and when Blaine, fearing to meet Butler, crawled out of the window of the committee room and escaped by a back stairs, he must have been suffering from an absence of vertebrae.

When he wouldn't face the Mulligan letters inquiry in the House, and tried to dodge it by getting himself transferred to the Senate, backbone was lacking there.

When he went down on his knees to Mulligan, and begged him not to expose and ruin him by showing the celebrated letters, his backbone was either absent or wonderfully limber.

When, a few weeks ago, he declined voting for or against the prohibition amendment to the Maine Constitution, his backbone was conspicuously absent.

What a pitiful exhibition of the lack of backbone there is in the lately published Dear Fisher letters, wherein he asks his friend to save him, implores him to come to his help, and begs him to burn certain letters that might show up in a damaging light the transactions between them.

The American people admire nothing more in a man than backbone, or "sand" as it is sometimes called, and there is no creature that they have more contempt for than the man who lacks backbone. They can excuse a man for being a thief, provided he is a first-class thief. They will pardon one who blunders if he has enough pluck and grit to fight it out; but they have no sympathy with the schemer and plotter who, when found out, whines, and when caught begs for mercy.

It is humiliating to read those letters written by Blaine to Fisher—letters that prove beyond dispute or question that the writer sold his influence as Speaker of the House, and betrayed the people whose servant he was, and whose interests he had sworn to protect.

#### A New Idea.

Washington Capital. There are always new things under the sun. A Boston physician whom I heard about the other day is doing wonders by means of some very simple notions that he has adopted. He cures weak chests and throats, but it seems to me there is so little money in his method that it is not likely to be much followed by others of his profession. His advice to all persons who take cold easily, who are subject to sore throats and susceptible to consumption, is to put away flannel underclothing and wear stout cotton goods next to the skin instead. He has given this advice to so many patients that it is said the sale of one grade of Wamsutta cottons has materially advanced of late in Boston. This physician says that most people dress too warmly for indoor life, and that it is better, especially in winter, to reduce the amount of clothing worn while in the house, and to wrap up carefully when going out. He says the cotton shirt worn next the skin should be very loose, and the pores of the skin should be given full opportunity to perform their natural function. I have no doubt that this paragraph will reach the eye of some persons who need just such advice, and perhaps it may save their lives.

## She Got What She Liked

She was young, and sweet, and poetic, and he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the verandah in the moonlight, and she grew ethereal. "Oh, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she cooed; "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses, and to be kissed by the soft airs from the south!" Then he kissed her and she grew indignant. "How dare you?" she almost sobbed. "Why, I'm a soft heir from the South," he replied contritely. She didn't say anything when he kissed her again.—Hatchet.

## Hope.

Oh, the stars still shine above us, Though at day we see them not, And by hearts that truly love us We are never quite forgot. There's a consciousness of power Sometimes quivers through the brain, And a moment's draught of pleasure That repays a life of pain. There's a white-winged hope that hovers O'er the darkest human lot, And the stars still shine above us, Though by day we see them not.

#### How Booms are Born.

Detroit Free Press. He was a man about twenty-five years old. He had a prominent nose, red neck, fighting jaw and sheet lightning in his eye. He had been hunting for a certain citizen for half a day without finding him, and when finally asked if it was particular business he replied:

"You had better bet it is. He wants to engage me to start a boom for him."

"Boom?"

"Exactly. He wants a county nomination, and I'm going to boom it for him."

"How do you boom a candidate?" was asked.

"Well, it's easy enough. There are three brothers of us. He divides \$50 among us as a starter. That makes us solid for Smith. We begin to hurrah for him. Somebody hurrahs for Brown. We pulverize him. We talk Smith in the saloons and on the street. Smith's the chap—stands in with the boys—no aristocrat—good fellow—honest man—got to see him right through."

"But suppose another faction wants Collins?"

"Clean 'em out! Lick a Collins man and he begins to whoop for Smith. Keep treating and hurrahs till the day of the convention, and then watch your delegates. Bribe some, lick some—get some too drunk to sell out. Just as easy as grease when you know how. Hang it. Smith ought to be on hand. I know of two places where I've got to set up kegs of beer to-night, and I expect to lick three different men before midnight. 'Rah fur Smith!'"

#### Wilkin's Star Proverbs.

\*A pen provides a habitation for a hog.  
\*A bad tent to dwell under is discontent.  
\*Smiles are the small coin of Heaven's mint.  
\*The cream of experience is skimmed from spilled milk.  
\*Honesty, like gold, is frequently used to plate base metals.  
\*The fire of bad passion are sparks emitted from hell.  
\*At every tick of the clock a candidate for tick enters the world.  
\*In the cup of life, youth dives for the sugar, middle age for the cream, and old age chews the dregs.  
\*If others' misfortunes deterred men from pushing ahead over the beaten path, few successes would be won.  
\*Some business men's names never get into the papers except through an obituary.—Whitehall Times.

#### A Popular Brand.

Arkansas Traveler. Man with business air drives up to the gate and calls the farmer. "How are you, sir? I want to buy a large quantity of good fodder." "I've got plenty of it." "Bright and well cured?" "Yes." "Never been rained on?" "Never has been damaged." "Well, I'll take all you've got. I'll send after it to-morrow." "He must own a big livery stable in town," says the farmer when the man drives away. "Oh, no," replies a bystander. "He is the manufacturer of a popular brand of smoking tobacco."

#### One As Apt As The Other.

Texas Sittings. "What are you whipping that boy for?" asked a passer-by of an Irishman. "Because his brother hit me wid a stone." "Well, but this here boy is not to blame." "Yes, but you see, the two chaps are twins." "That makes no difference." "Yes it does, sor, fur bain't so much alike, it would be the one av thim as apt to hit me as the other one."

#### Chop.

A tramp stopped at a house on Main street the other day and asked for something to eat. "Which do you like best," asked the hired girl, "steak or chop?" The tramp hesitated a moment and then replied: "Chop." "Step right this way," said the girl, "here's the ax and there's the wood-pile."—Beaver Falls Globe.

## COMET SPARKS.

SWEET ALLITERATION. Ben and Belva.

THE UNANSWERED CALL.

The call of an editor for money.

ST. JOHN ON A BOOM.

Two bar rooms have recently closed out in the city.

SPIRITS UP.

Wonder how St. John keeps his spirits up in this campaign?

MAXIM.

An Editor's guiding maxim: "Let yesterday's debts take care of themselves."

THREE PARTIES.

There are three parties in the First District, the Republicans, Democrats and Pettibonites.

SALUTATION.

The Egyptians instead of saying, "How do you do?" as a salutation, always asked, "How do you perspire?"

A WOMAN.

"If you are up to the eyes in a bad temper, you are up to the eyes in a bad temper."

SKYROCKETS.

The skyrocket is the emblem of the Blaine and Logan clubs. Very appropriate. It shines for a minute and then is gone forever.

NEW SCANDAL.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood stands pretty good chance now. A scandal has recently been circulated concerning her. It is said that she has false teeth and false hair.

JANUARY 8TH.

The managers of the Exposition have set the 8th of Jan., as Tennessee's day. There is a historic fitness in this appointment as the 8th was the day that Jackson with the Tennessee reformed the beleaguered city.

A LETTER.

DEAR STEPHEN.—Don't mention the Mulligan letters. Keep harping on protection. Don't let the people get to talking about the Mulligan business. Make protection the leading issue. Yours, J. B.

SAVE THE UNION.

The Republican party has outlived its principles. It hopes to ride into office upon its past record. Its adherents are still hallowing, "Hurrah for the union," reminding us of Rip Van Winkle after his protracted snooze on the Catskill, yelling, "Hurrah for King George."

SUDDEN DEVOTION.

Some politicians are like the swallows, in that, as soon as the cold dark days come they fly to a sunnier country. It was just after the war, when the south was desolate and there seemed to be no hope of a confederate officer holding any position that Judge Reid experienced "a sudden devotion to country leap in his bosom."

A RASCAL, BUT DON'T KNOW HIS NAME.

That nondescript political tramp Carl Surtz is on his regular quadrennial masquerade as the pretended mouth piece of the German-Americans.—The Athenian.

You ought to know, at least, enough about the man to spell his name correctly before you tell the people what a notorious rascal he is.

TOO MUCH FOR A FISHER.

There is one trouble with Mr. Fisher's statements about the Blaine letters. Fishers are such awful liars. In most states of the union they are not allowed to testify in the courts.—Hawkeye.

VERY TRUE. But even a Fisher was not capable of telling the mammoth lie Blaine wanted him to tell. Mr. Fisher refused to return "the enclosed letter."

IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE.

Newspaper men feel thankful that Miss Belva is in the scandal ring. She affords such an excellent topic for the paragraphist. Belva and widow Butler, what a lovely pair. Really running, no walking for the Presidency. They say they do not hope to win this time, but expect to win in the sweet bye and bye. The Irishman said that he knew he could not jump over a mountain by running ten steps but he felt sure that with a mile run he could very easily accomplish the wonderful feat.

THE TROUBLE WITH HIM.

Jones.—"You are not looking as bright as usual, to-day." Smith.—"Hey?" "You are not looking very well." "No; got a bad cold." "In the head?" "Hey?" "Cold in the head, isn't it?" "Yes; can't see or smell, and can hardly hear." "So I noticed." "Hey?" "So I noticed." "Yes; I wonder what it is?" "Hey! fever, evidently."—Philadelphia Call.